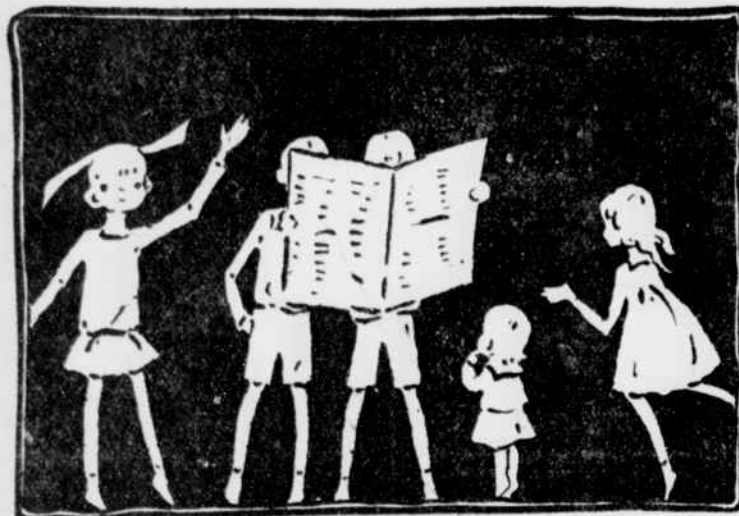


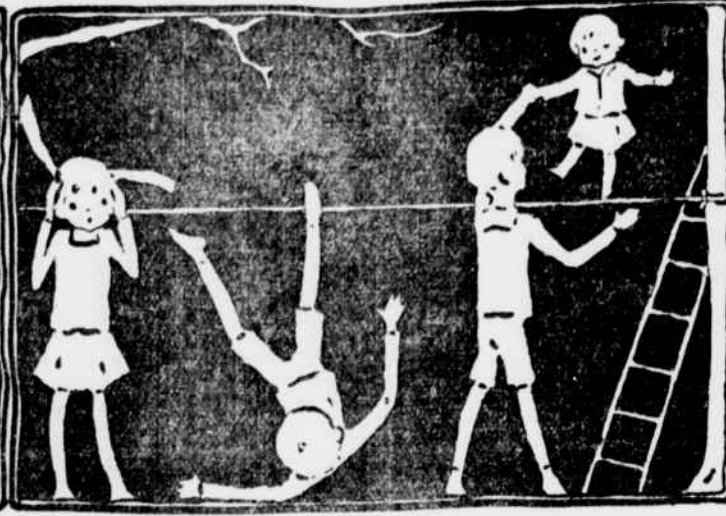
THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE ANTIC FAMILY'S ALPHABET. C IS FOR CIRCUS

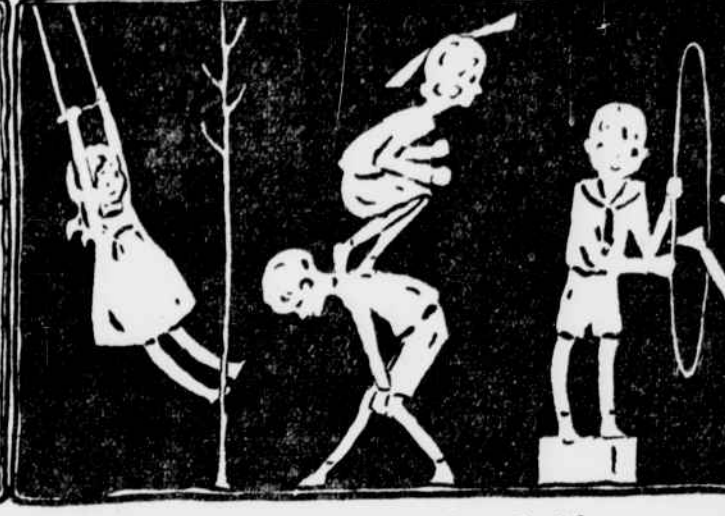
By ELIZABETH KIRKMAN FITZHUGH.



One beautiful morning the Antics awoke
And read in the paper about circus folk,
And their wonderful skill, and the tricks that they do,
And Jimmie said: "We can do circus tricks, too."



They stretched an old rope with great care in the yard,
But walking the tight-rope was terribly hard.
They all had a tumble except Rose Marie,
"I guess p'raps your foots are too heavy," said she.



They swung from trapezes; they leaped with rare grace;
Through hoops and o'er hurdles they ran a wild race;
But somehow or other they all got such thumps
That Mother tied up half a score or more bumps!



When Father returned from the city that night
He cried: "Why! Why! Why! What a horrible sight!
"Been playing at circus! Well, isn't that queer!
I've got circus tickets for all of us here!"



THE MAGIC SOAP BUBBLE

by
DAVID CORY
drawings by ELIZABETH IVINS JONES

their butterfly steeds and escorted her through the palace door.

Ned cautiously peeped in again. The room was filled with fairies about as large as your thumb, dancing here and there and singing a low, sweet song. On perceiving that a mortal was gazing at them they began to dance more slowly, and presently ceased altogether. Whereupon the Queen, looking about to ascertain the reason and catching sight of Ned's admiring face, exclaimed:

her like waterdrops from the cascade just outside; "I only wanted to let you know what I could do; but I am ready to be as polite as you wish."

"May it please your highness," interposed the Gnome, who at this point squeezed himself through Ned's legs and entered the door, "to give my mortal friend a drop of your crystal wine, in order that he may regain his boyish shape again?" The Queen Fairy looked politely inquisitive. "You see, your highness," the Gnome went on to



"Do not rise," she said.

"No wonder you feel so faint, my little fays, and that you stop your merry dancing. The hot air is pouring in upon us from a fiery furnace outside. Look here, my giant friend," she added, coming up to Ned, "if you want to see how we live you mustn't hold your mouth open with astonishment. Youth breath is very hot to us little people!" With that the mischievous Queen jumped quite unexpectedly on Ned's nose and gave it a sharp pinch.

"Don't cry," said the fairy in a cheery voice, the laughs falling from

explain, "he has eaten too heartily of gnome cake, and that, together with a gobletful of gnome watermelon wine, has caused him much inconvenience, as well as an entire change of form."

No sooner had he finished speaking than the queen called the Waterfall Fairy, the Brook Fairy and yet another, somewhat smaller, called Violet Water. "Hasten," she said to them when they had assembled before her, "hasten to make a draught of crystal wine, that this mortal may drink and assume once more his natural shape,"

"Come," said the Gnome somewhat impatiently as Ned's curiosity still held him at the little castle's doorway, "come away, or else the Queen will not return. How is she to enter if you block up her entrance?"

Following his advice, Ned withdrew some little distance and stood watching the gay scene around him. Hundreds of insects were flying about and large, gay-winged butterflies fluttered over the flowers. On some he noticed tiny figures and others with blades of grass tied around the necks of robins; bluebirds and golden orioles were also flying about in midair, while some sailed on the silver backs of fishes, or floated in shells upon the water near his feet.

"Look!" cried the Gnome suddenly, "here she comes." A half horse chestnut, with damask roseleaf lining, mounted on four ivy-berry wheels and with four shining beetles for horses came driving up from the waterfall. Leaning back in her carriage sat the Queen Fairy, fanning her face with a fly's wing. The beetles came to a stand in front of the palace, and the Queen, gathering up her white satin dress, stepped out. Instantly numerous ladies in waiting jumped from off

"Move off!" cried a shrill voice in Ned's ear, and, looking up, he saw a Snapdragon, who seemed to be a sort of policeman for the fairies. "How can you expect these Ladies in Waiting to fulfil their Queen's commands if you stand there blocking the royal exit?"

"Tell your friend to sit him down and wait patiently, for it will take some time to brew the magic draught," said the Queen to the Gnome, who repeated her words to Ned. He was very glad, indeed, to rest, for, not being accustomed to carry so much weight on his young legs, he felt very weary and somewhat discouraged. However, relief was in sight, and, following the suggestion of the good fairy, he threw himself down on a mossy bank and waited.

Before long the three fairies returned, bearing between them a lily filled with a white liquid. As they approached the Queen herself came forth from her crystal palace, followed by many of her subjects. Stepping up to where Ned lay, she said in a soft voice: "Do not rise, for even now you are much too tall for me to reach your lips. I myself must pour this magic wine upon your lips." So saying, she stepped lightly upon a stone close by and, bending forward, placed the lily to Ned's mouth.

The next moment he felt a strange sensation running through him, and looking down at his hands and feet he was delighted to see that they were becoming smaller and smaller. Though great was his delight, he did not forget his manners, and, turning to the little fairy, said: "How may I ever repay you for your great kindness to me? Indeed," he added, scarcely able to restrain the tears which came to his eyes, "whatever would my dear mother have thought had I returned to her in the form of a giant!"

"Thank me no more," answered the Fairy Queen, "for gladly will I do any favor for the boy who thinks of his mother first. In the future, should you need my aid, hang this ring about a bluebird's throat and send him to me." And with these words she placed a slender gold ring upon Ned's little finger.

"But how shall I catch the bird?" asked Ned, his curiosity aroused before he had time to think of thanking her small highness.

"Whistle thrice upon a blade of grass," she answered, "and the bird will fly to thee. Then place the ring about his neck and bid him hasten to the Fairy Queen of the Lake."

During all this time Ned had been growing smaller and smaller. He had almost forgotten this, when his little friend, the Gnome, exclaimed: "There! You're your own self again!" At which Ned turned to the Queen, and, after thanking her again and again, ran hastily to the brook to assure himself that such was the case. Sure enough, the reflection that met his eyes was proof, and once more Ned was a boy, although far from home and in a strange land. At the same time he had a brave heart and loved adventure, and now that he was his natural self again he felt a keen desire for more adventure. So, bidding farewell to his kind friend, the Fairy Queen, and her three Ladies in Waiting, he accompanied his little guide, the Gnome, down the valley.

MY THREE DOLLS

By Isabel Allardyce.

I HAVE three dolls, the dearest dolls
That ever you did see.
They're Clementine, and Rosabelle,
And Susan-Ann-Marie.
I'm very proud of Clementine,
For she's a lady fair.
She has the daintiest dresses,
Blue eyes and golden hair;
So when my friends upon me call,
Or I go out to tea,
I always take my Clementine,
To show her off, you see.

Now Rosabelle's a baby doll,
So very big and fine,
I don't know any one that has
A baby doll like mine.
She's bigger than my cousin Dan,
Who's nearly six weeks old,
And when I want to carry her
She's more than I can hold;
And so I wheel her in a coach,
And O she looks so swell,
That all the children envy me
My baby Rosabelle.

But when I've been a naughty girl,
Or can't go out to tea,
Or when I'm ill, I play all day
With Susan-Ann-Marie.
For though I'm proud of Clementine,
And vain of Rosabelle,
I love my dear old raggy-doll
Far more than I can tell;
And every night she comes to bed,
And snuggles down with me,
She's such a very comfy thing,
Is Susan-Ann-Marie.

RIDING A TORTOISE



By DORIS FLEISCHMAN.

Can you guess how old this tortoise is? No? Then I'll tell you all about it. It was born three hundred years ago, way down on a little island in the Pacific Ocean, near the coast of Ecuador.

Just as the little boy who is sitting on the tortoise's back is quite sure that it is the slowest automobile he has ever used. For, when it goes its very fastest, and works hard

all the time, it can in a whole day night go only one mile. And just as you can walk a mile in one-third an hour!

But then you are not as heavy as the tortoise, for it weighs four hundred pounds. This is a particularly one, they say, for it is three feet long and three feet high. There are not many left which are old or as big as he is, for when they grow up they are captured by men, who like to take the oil that is inside and use it.

Three Rainy-Day Games You Can Make in a Few Minutes

By PATTEN BEARD.

FOR boys and girls who like to play games here are some new ones that you may make yourself on some stormy day when there seems no interest in the old games that have been played so many times before. These games are all made from simple materials that you will find in your own home—boxes, buttons, envelopes, pencils. In less than five minutes, with any of these materials, you will find your own fun almost ready-made.

The game of GET THERE QUICK is made with a big square box-cover about ten inches square—smaller or larger—and you will merely need a colored pencil or crayon to draw the board and some buttons for the men to play with.

Place the box-cover upon its rims to stand on a table, and with ruler draw from corner to corner opposite, crossing the box twice and making four divisions.

Next, from the centre of each side to its opposite, draw two other lines that cross and divide the box-cover into eight sections.

Now, measure each side of your box-cover and mark it off into four equal portions. Join each of these with its opposite. Color each section alternately. Then the game-board is made.

To play with, you will need four large white buttons of uniform size and four large black buttons. The counter is some heavy metal button.

To make the counter take some box-cover about three or four inches square and divide it with pencil into four sections. Number these 1, 2, 3, 4. Toss the metal button over the box and take as many moves on the game-board as the square where your button has fallen tells you.

The object of the game of GET THERE QUICK is for each player to try to place his men in four op-

posite triangles of the centre of the game-board. The first to do this wins.

Two players play the game. Play is made in turn.

Buttons may be moved about in any direction. As many as three may at one time go upon the same section of the game-board.

No player may win, however, till his men keep the four chosen corners alone.

When there are two buttons of similar color on an inner section of the game-board with an opponent's man, the player to whom these belong may send the other player's man to any outside section he desires.

The complete number of moves given by the counter must be used each time.

The game of NOTED PEOPLE may be made in the same way with a large box-cover. It should have its top marked off in twenty-eight sections, making enough squares for you to write the alphabet consecutively, placing two blank squares somewhere upon the board between the letters.

Each player must have a button with which to play the game. It must also have a pencil and paper.

Play is made in turn by tossing the button so that it falls on a letter that the player desires. Each player must obtain the letters that spell the name of some noted person, starting out, some name may be chosen and both players may try which can make it first. All letters that are not desired are, of course, discarded. A blank square entitles a player to toss for another twice in succession. Records may be kept upon the piece of paper and pencil. Players may also take names that are different from each other provided there are the same number of letters in each player's name. The first to make his name wins.

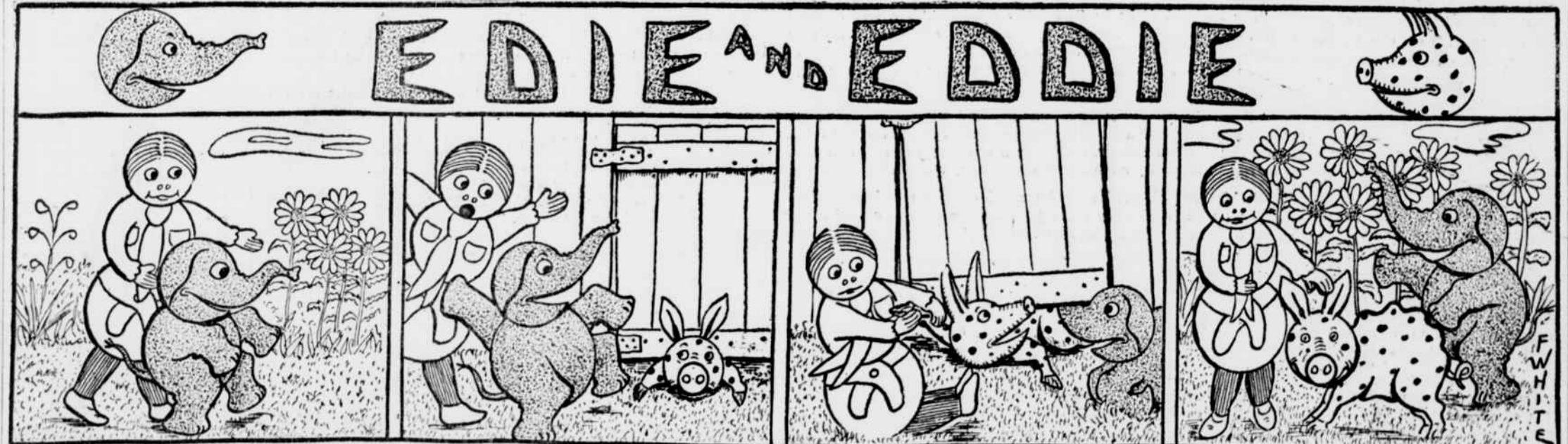
The game of SCRABBLE is played with two long pencils, white buttons, and six black buttons. (All buttons must be at least three-fourths of an inch in diameter and flat).

The game is played by two players upon a long dining-room table or kitchen table that has a cloth cover it.

Place a very shallow pen-tray saucer at the end of the table opposite the starting place. All buttons, black and white, are placed in an even row at the end of the table that faces this finishing point.

At a given signal each player starts his buttons toward the desired goal, using nothing but a pencil to guide them.

Any button that falls off the table must start at the beginning again. By pressing the edge of the button with the hard end of the pencil the button is made to hop up into the saucer. The first to get his six buttons into the pen-tray wins this exciting and funny game.



Edie and her elephant
Were walking out one day,
Admiring the growing things
They met along the way.

When suddenly they heard a squeal
And, caught beneath a gate,
They saw a cunning little pig
In quite a dreadful state.

He begged them both to help him out
And so they went to work
With hands and feet and heart and nose
And many a tug and jerk.

He was a very grateful pig,
Though somewhat stiff and sore,
And possibly not quite so round
As in the days of yore.

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